that I like it.

Not many people go for the variety I go for, but not many people are able to get the variety of partners I get. I've got something to offer them. All of them. It's the same thing, too. No matter how different any of my boys are from the others, they all go for one thing.

Old Peter hisself.

Priapus revisited.

Mr. Zubrick.

Mr. Pego.

Call his by any of those names and he stands right up and answers. "How *do* you do?" he says. "Right well," you answer back, tipping your hat.

He tips his and away you go, do-see-do. It's the same game, no matter how you play it. Nice, like with Alf and Marty, or not so nice like with Rafe and Rocky. Rocky once said to me, "You know, Queenie, we don't do anything that other people don't *wish* they did." He's got a point.

Most people would give their right arms—or even something more important—just to have the kind of life we lead. Up whenever we feel like it in the morning. Breakfast of two raw eggs in a beer. On our bikes and off for who knows where . . . or maybe just for nowhere . . . just to ride.

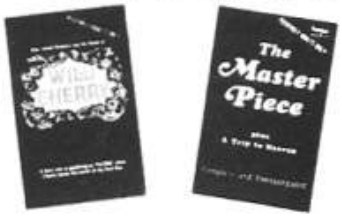
Then, shacking down anyplace it's dry. With anybody. To do anything we please. It's a good life. You may get black and blue once in a while, either from falling off your bike or from making love to guys like Rafe and Rocky. Yet, you heal, and you learn something from the experience.

One time, I'd taken a header on my Harley, and the boys had gathered round to pick me up and minister to me. Along comes Rocky, who'd been someplace else, and he sees the crowd and barges through. He sees me, all cut up and bruised. Without changing his expression, he says, "What'cha been doin', Queenie, makin' it with Rafe?"

That's my life.

And I dig it.

• • •

A Quartet of Good Reading

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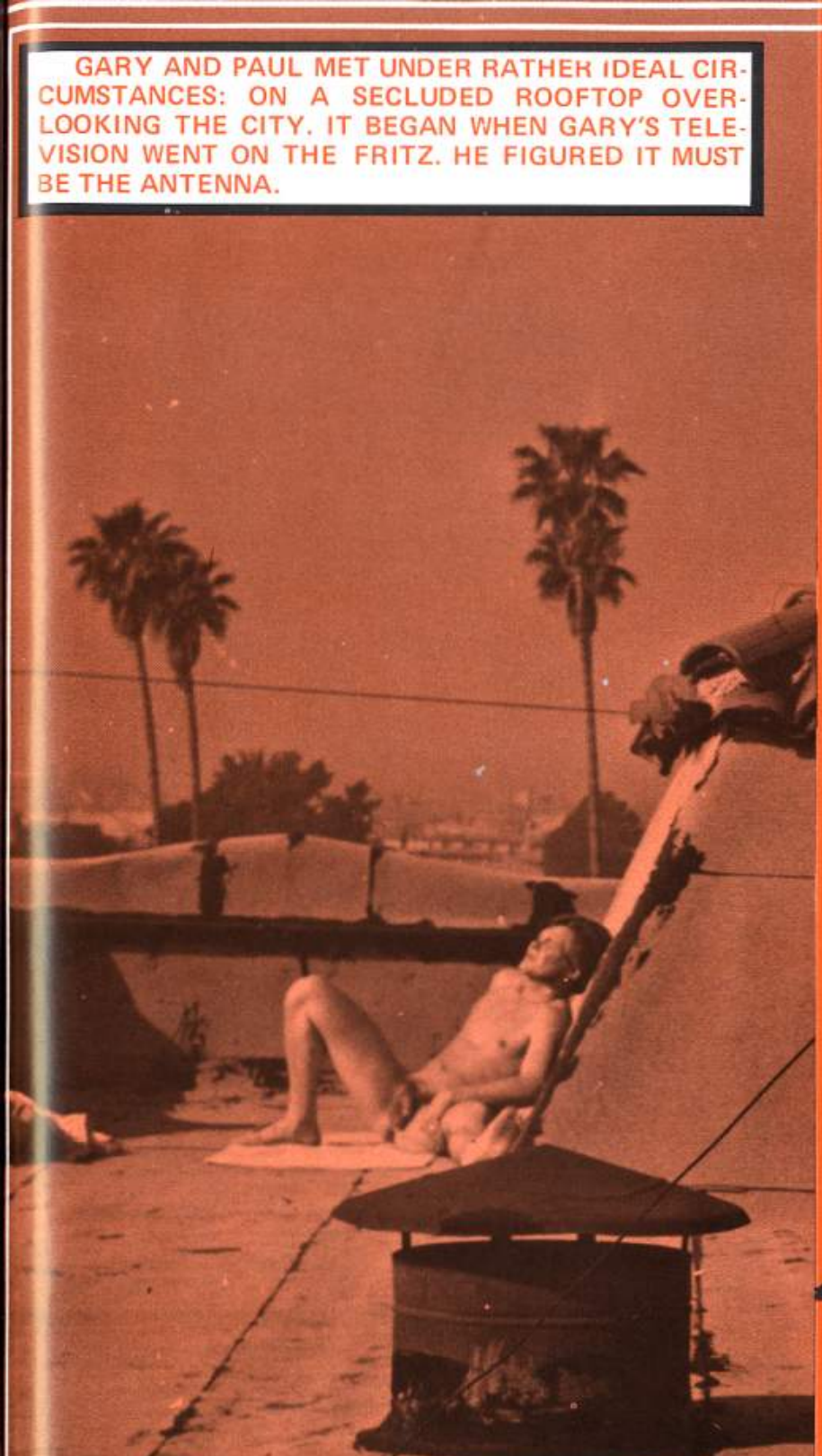
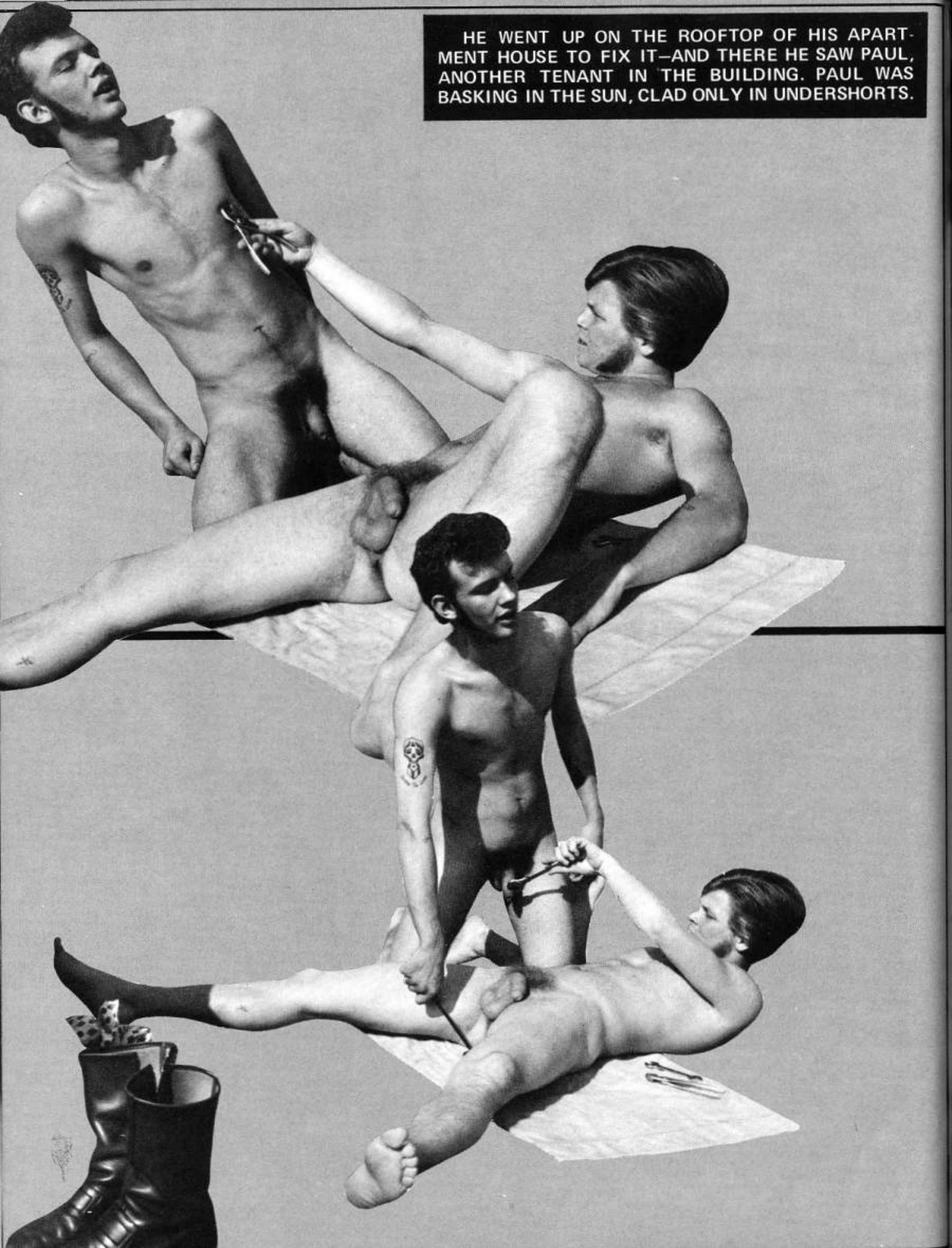
GARY AND PAUL MET UNDER RATHER IDEAL CIRCUMSTANCES: ON A SECLUDED ROOFTOP OVERLOOKING THE CITY. IT BEGAN WHEN GARY'S TELEVISION WENT ON THE FRITZ. HE FIGURED IT MUST BE THE ANTENNA.

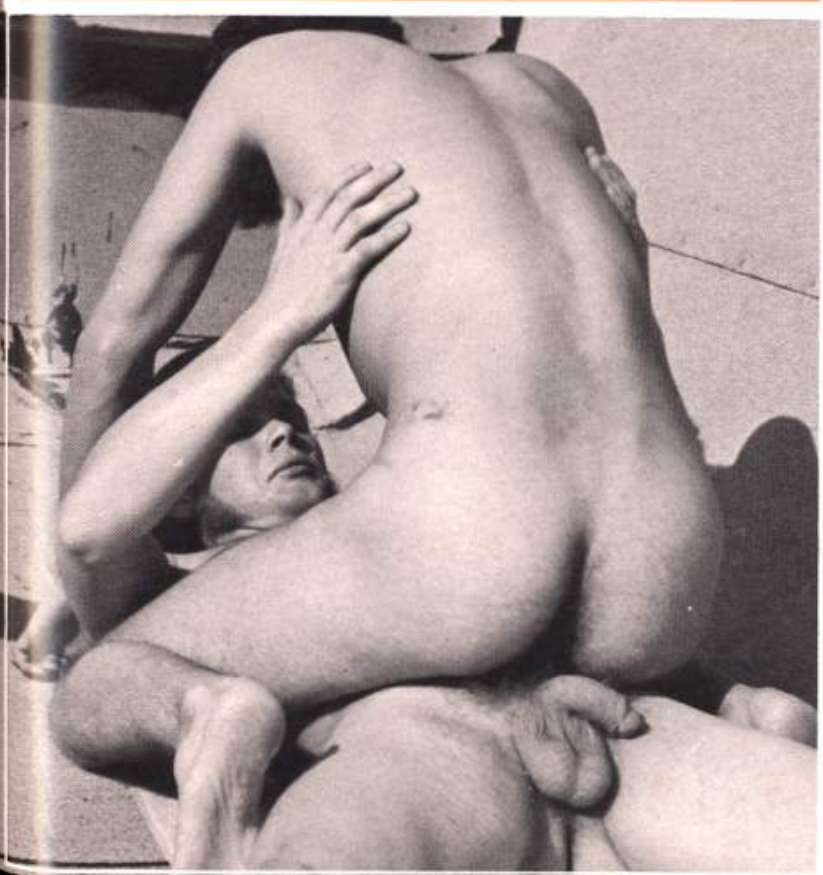


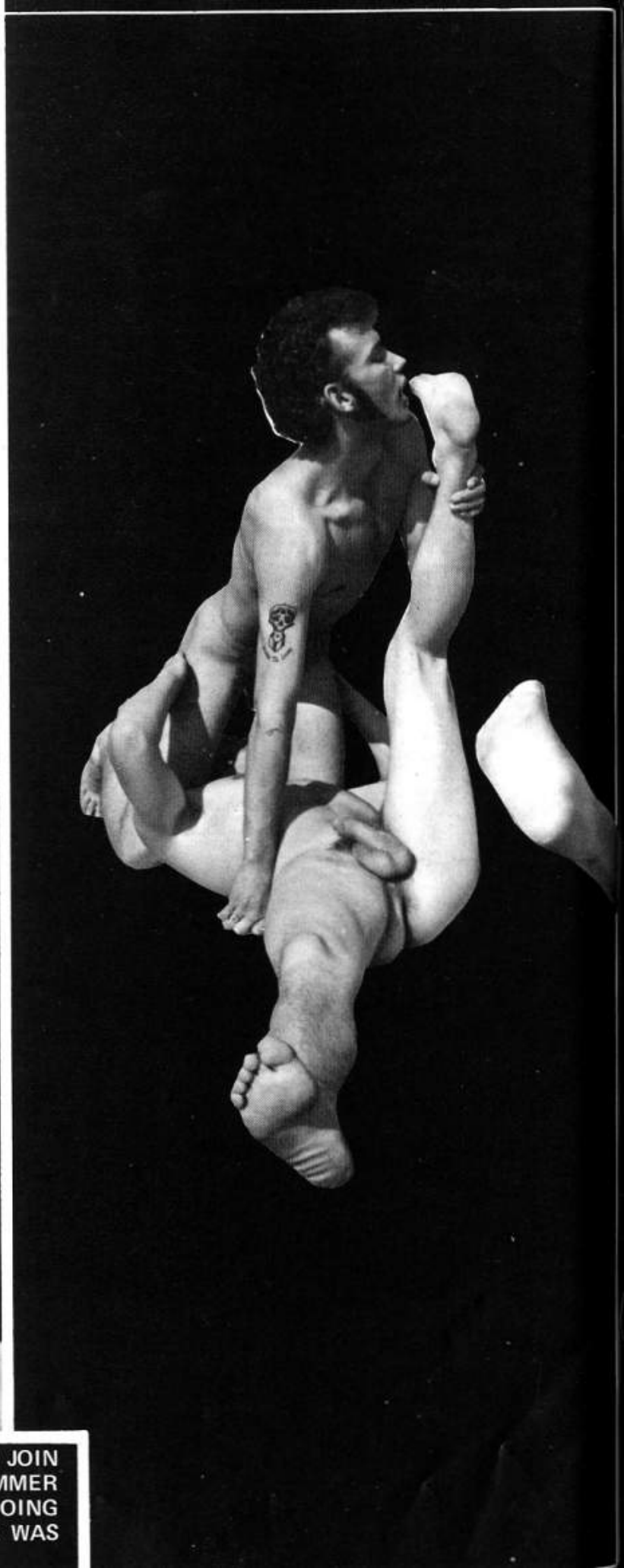
ROOFTOP TEAM


HE WENT UP ON THE ROOFTOP OF HIS APARTMENT HOUSE TO FIX IT—AND THERE HE SAW PAUL, ANOTHER TENANT IN THE BUILDING. PAUL WAS BASKING IN THE SUN, CLAD ONLY IN UNDERSHORTS.

THIS WAS A PLEASING, AND HIGHLY STIMULATING SIGHT TO GARY'S EYES, ESPECIALLY WHEN HE SAW PAUL REMOVE HIS SHORTS. GARY KNEW THEN THAT HIS PRESENCE HAD NOT BEEN NOTICED.

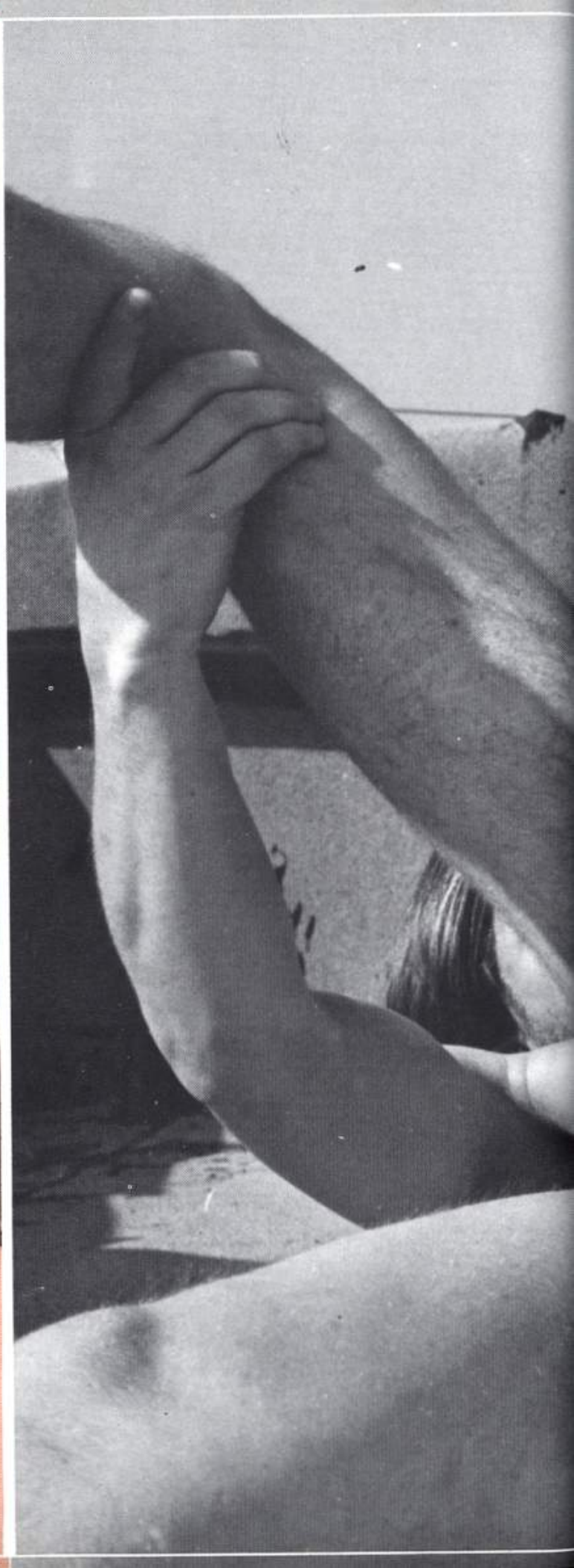
GARY WAS COMPLETELY NAKED BEFORE PAUL HEARD HIM MAKE A SMALL NOISE, AND LOOKED OVER. HE DID NOT SHOW ANY ALARM AT SEEING ANOTHER NAKED GUY ON THE ROOF.

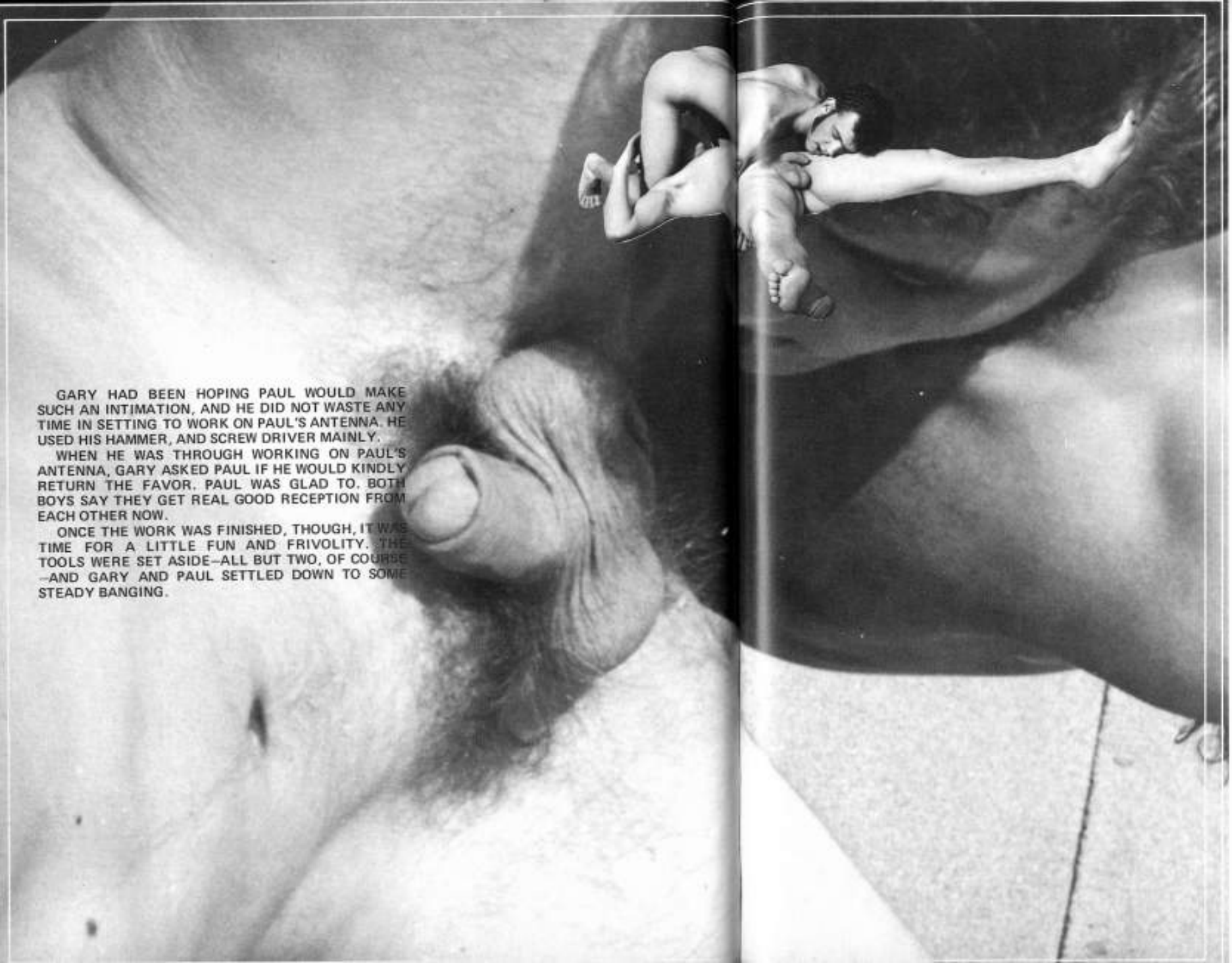




ON THE CONTRARY, PAUL INVITED GARY TO JOIN HIM. GARY FELT IT WAS NECESSARY TO STAMMER OUT AN EXPLANATION AS TO WHAT HE WAS DOING ON THE ROOF, SO PAUL WOULDN'T THINK HE WAS SPYING.

WHEN GARY TOLD PAUL THAT HE WAS ON THE ROOFTOP TO FIX HIS ANTENNA, PAUL TOLD HIM TO GO RIGHT AHEAD. "BUT WHY DON'T YOU FIX MY ANTENNA FIRST," HE ADDED WITH A WINK.





GARY HAD BEEN HOPING PAUL WOULD MAKE SUCH AN INTIMATION, AND HE DID NOT WASTE ANY TIME IN SETTING TO WORK ON PAUL'S ANTENNA. HE USED HIS HAMMER, AND SCREW DRIVER MAINLY.

WHEN HE WAS THROUGH WORKING ON PAUL'S ANTENNA, GARY ASKED PAUL IF HE WOULD KINDLY RETURN THE FAVOR. PAUL WAS GLAD TO. BOTH BOYS SAY THEY GET REAL GOOD RECEPTION FROM EACH OTHER NOW.

ONCE THE WORK WAS FINISHED, THOUGH, IT WAS TIME FOR A LITTLE FUN AND FRIVOLITY. THE TOOLS WERE SET ASIDE—ALL BUT TWO, OF COURSE—AND GARY AND PAUL SETTLED DOWN TO SOME STEADY BANGING.

A Quartet of Good Reading

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BENNY IS A BARTENDER. HE'S BEEN AROUND A LITTLE, AND HE KNOWS THE SCORE. HE'S GOT TATOOS AND SCARS TO SHOW THE SCORE OF HOW MUCH HE'S BEEN AROUND.

A

PIECE OF BENNY

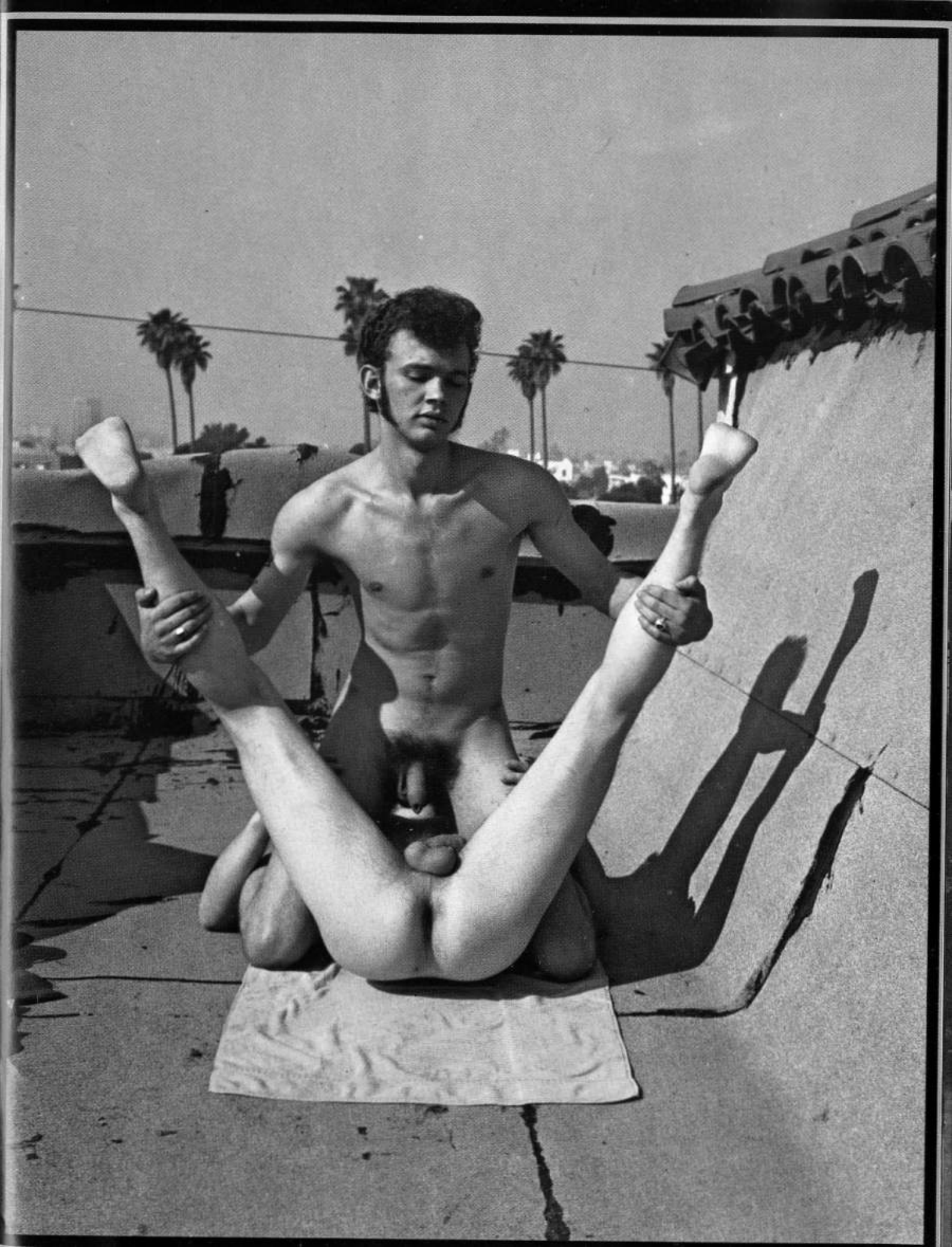
SIDNEY HAD BEEN PATRONIZING BENNY'S BAR FOR SEVERAL MONTHS AND HAD BEEN A SILENT ADMIRER OF THE BARTENDER. HENCE, BENNY WAS CAUGHT BY SURPRISE WHEN SIDNEY ASKED HIM OVER TO HIS APARTMENT LAST NIGHT.

SIDNEY SAYS THE FIRST THING THAT CAUGHT HIS EYE ABOUT BENNY WAS THE WAY HE SEEMED RATHER DISINTERESTED IN WOMEN, EVEN THOUGH BENNY HAD FEMALE NAMES TATTOOED ALL OVER HIM.

"I SURMISED, BY THIS CONTRADICTION IN CHARACTER, THAT BENNY HAD BEEN AROUND A LITTLE, AND HAD GROWN A LITTLE DISENCHANTED WITH THE FAIRER SEX. SO I MADE MY BID FOR HIM."

AND, APPARENTLY SIDNEY WAS RIGHT, SINCE HE MADE HIS BID AND WON! BENNY READILY ACCEPTED SIDNEY'S OFFER, AND AFTER HE CLOSED UP THE BAR AT 1 A.M., THEY WENT OVER TO SIDNEY'S PLACE.
"YOU CAN TELL WHEN YOU ARE WITH A GUY THAT REALLY KNOWS WHAT HE WANTS SEXUALLY," SIDNEY SAYS. "HE DOESN'T MESS AROUND ASKING FOR IT. THAT'S THE WAY BENNY IS."
Tammy

Becky
SM
Kathy



"AFTER WE GOT INSIDE MY APARTMENT," SIDNEY EXPLAINS, "I WAS FIRST GOING TO OFFER BENNY A BEER. BUT BENNY STARTED STRIPING MY CLOTHES OFF RIGHT AWAY, IGNORING MY OFFER."

ACCORDING TO SIDNEY, THOUGH, THIS BLUNT ATTITUDE WAS ALL RIGHT WITH HIM, SINCE, "FROM THE FIRST TIME I SAW BENNY, ALL I COULD THINK OF WAS ONE DAY HAVING A PIECE OF HIM."

SIDNEY SAYS THAT, ONCE HE FINDS A GUY HE REALLY LIKES, HAS DONE HIS EVALUATIONS AND MADE HIS BID FOR HIM, HE WILL BE PRETTY BLUNT FROM THAT POINT ON. "BUT BENNY WAS EVEN MORE STRAIGHTFORWARD THAN I WAS."

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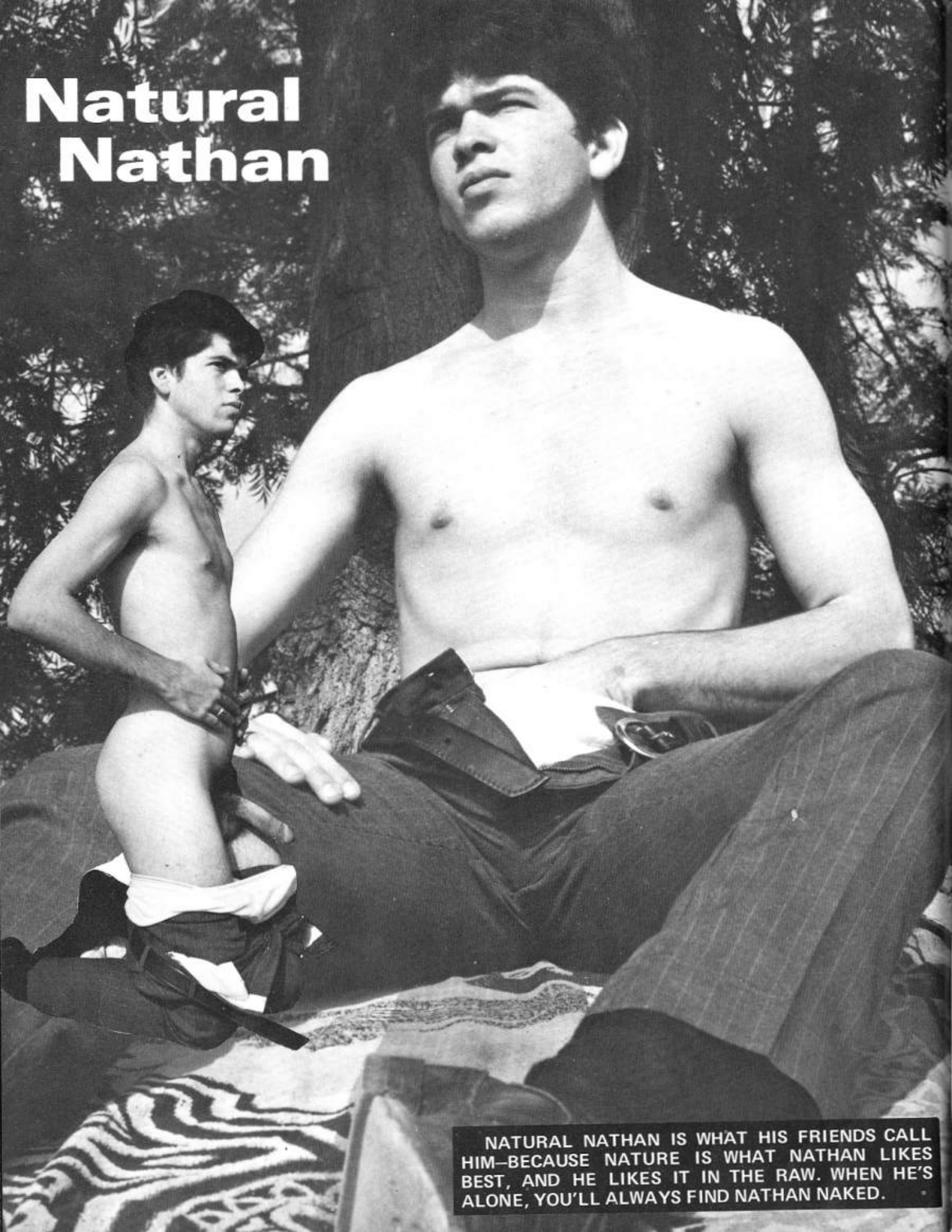
Tammy

Natural Nathan

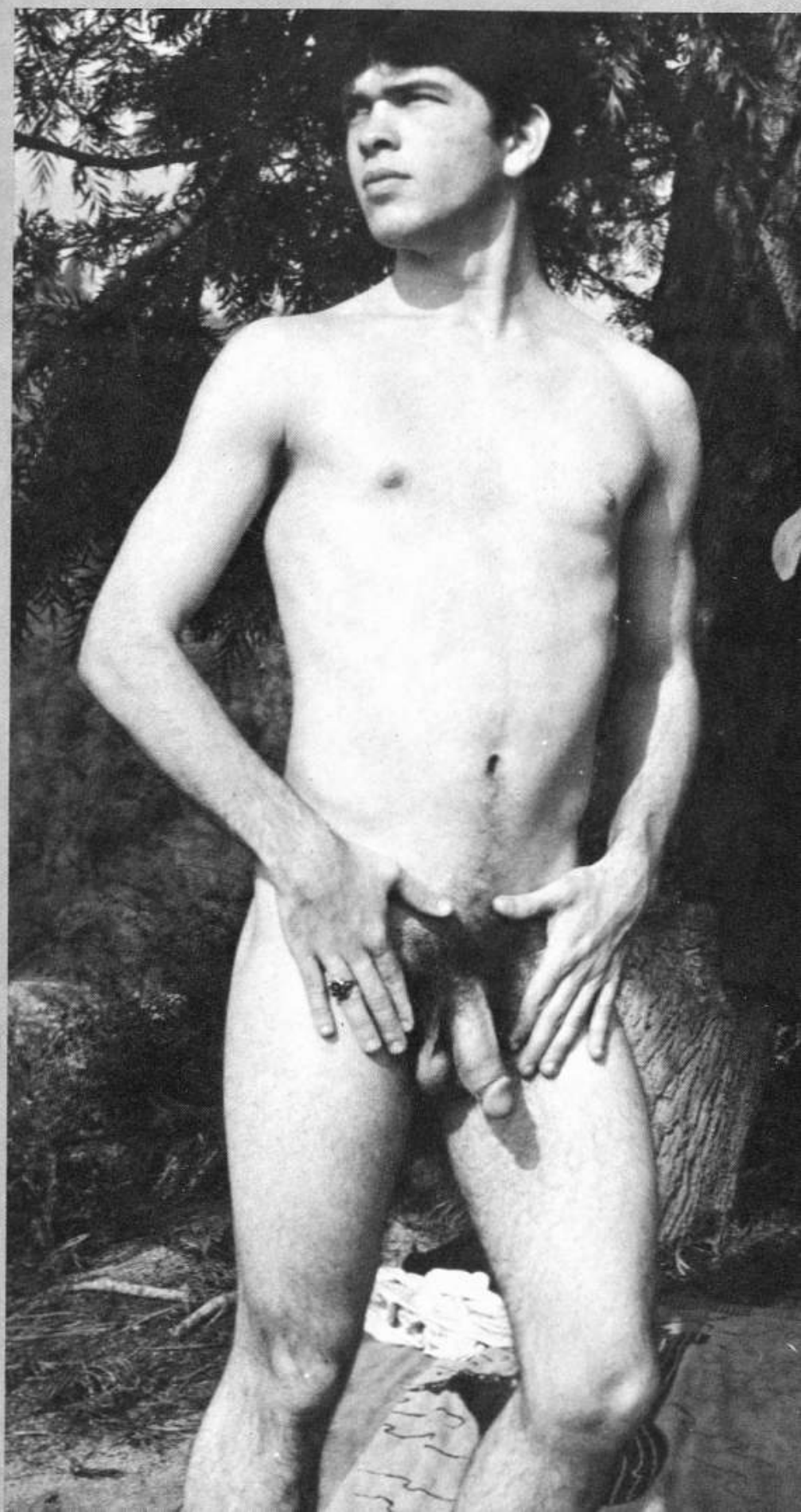


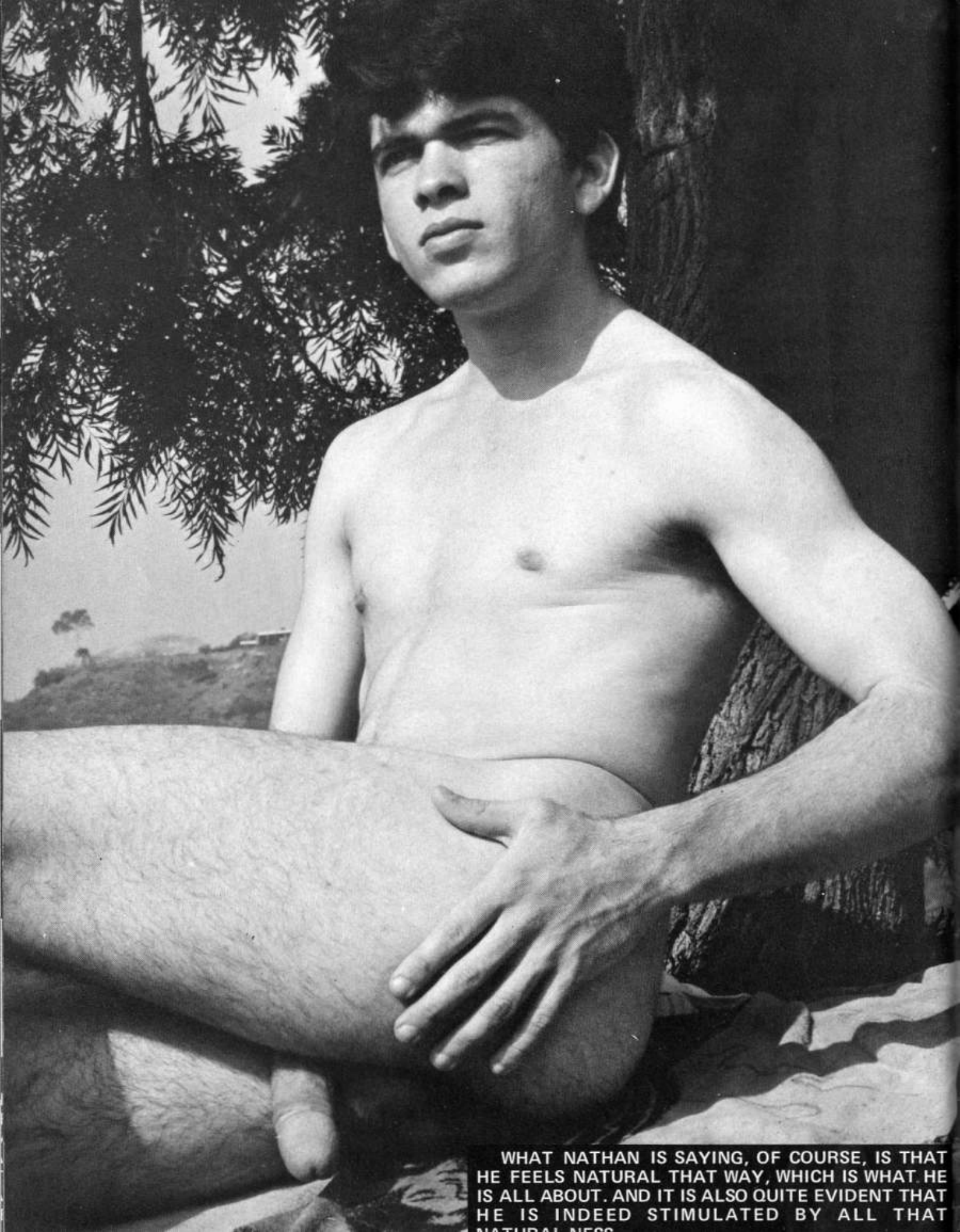
NATURAL NATHAN IS WHAT HIS FRIENDS CALL HIM—BECAUSE NATURE IS WHAT NATHAN LIKES BEST, AND HE LIKES IT IN THE RAW. WHEN HE'S ALONE, YOU'LL ALWAYS FIND NATHAN NAKED.

NATURE, BEING ALONE, AND SEX IS WHAT TURNS NATHAN ON MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE. AND, BELIEVE IT OR NOT, HE CLAIMS HE CAN HAVE ALL THREE BY HIMSELF—EVEN SEX.

"YOU DON'T NEED A SEX PARTNER FOR EVERY THING," NATHAN SAYS. "SOMETIMES NATURE HERSELF CAN BE A SUPERB SEX PARTNER, MORE STIMULATING THAN ANY HUMAN BEING."

"BEING ALONE AND NAKED AMONGST THE TREES, FEELING A COOL, EARLY-MORNING BREEZE TOUCH MY NAKED PARTS, I FEEL SO MUCH MORE A PART OF THE WHOLE SCHEME OF THINGS."

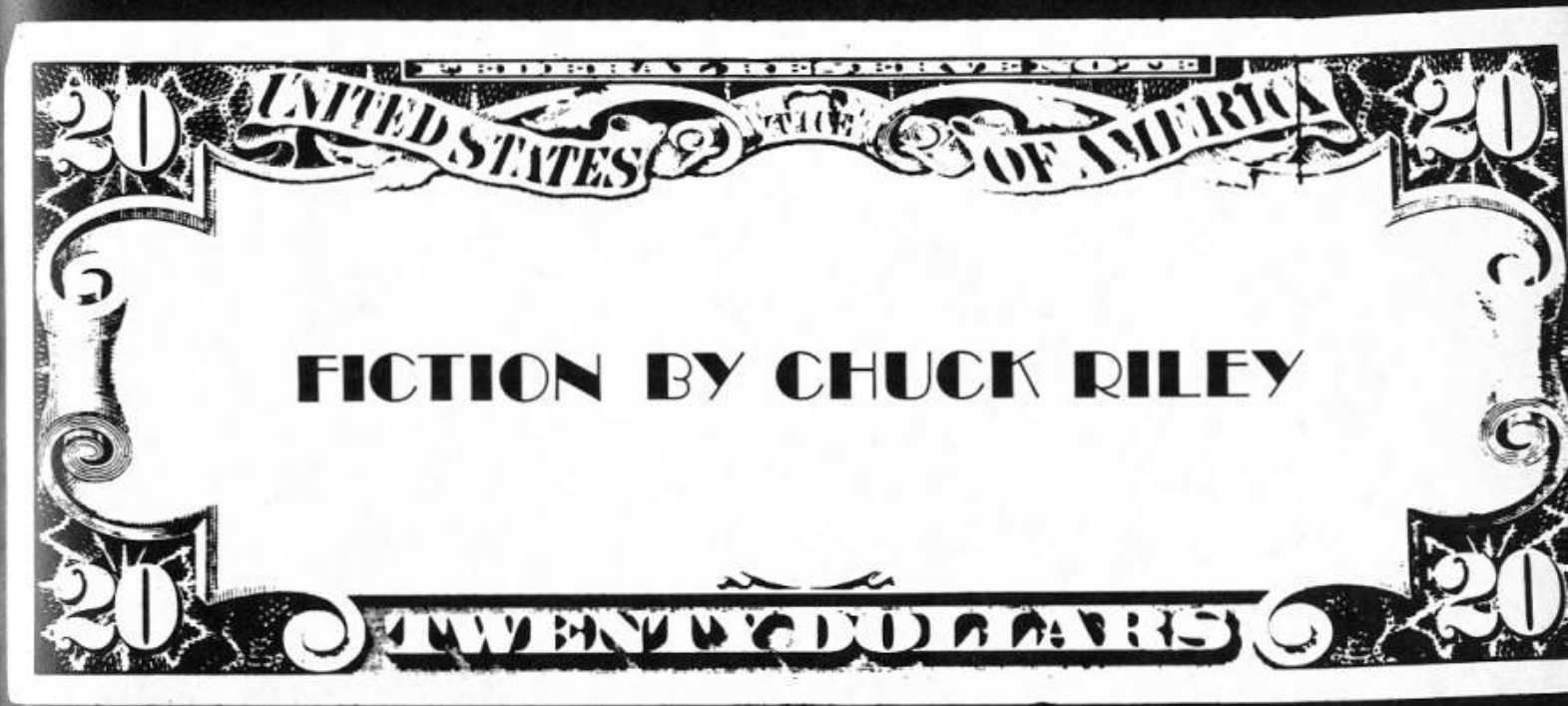




WHAT NATHAN IS SAYING, OF COURSE, IS THAT HE FEELS NATURAL THAT WAY, WHICH IS WHAT HE IS ALL ABOUT. AND IT IS ALSO QUITE EVIDENT THAT HE IS INDEED STIMULATED BY ALL THAT

HOIE

BREAK THE BANK, BABY!



FICTION BY CHUCK RILEY

Jack lay nestled in Mack's arms, enjoying the touch of the tiny hairs of the bigger man's arm against the peach-fuzz of his own cheek.

The touch of Mack's strong hand on his hard penis didn't exactly turn him off either!

They had been laying like that for some time, Jack unwilling to let himself drift off to sleep. It was often like that for him. He would fight sleep when he knew that tomorrow would bring either something very bad or something very good.

Tomorrow would bring some of both.

Mack's hand began to stroke Jack's penis again. Both men had come off already once before that evening, as they lay snuggled under the covers in the inky darkness. But Mack must have sensed that his lover was not ready for sleep, was not relaxed enough to give in to it.

So he started to stroke again.

And he stroked rhythmically.

Gently.

And then Jack exploded. His orgasm wracked his whole body, his very soul, his whole being. Thrills of utter delight coursed up through his body. He orgasmed again and again, shooting his

seed into the pubic bush of his darling Mack. Then, long after he had no more liquid to spew, he went on orgasming dryly.

Then he collapsed into the tight grip of his man. Sleep came over him, and the last thing he remembered before awakening was that Mack was still holding firmly to his limp organ.

In the morning, it was the same way. He was hard again and Mack's hand was holding it. He had to laugh. Mack couldn't have been awake all night grasping his rod, and he'd have let it go if he'd fallen asleep.

Of course, Mack was playing a little game on him. He had just wakened before Jack had decided to see what the reaction would be if his lover awoke to find his organ still in the grip it had been when he fell asleep.

Laughing, Jack gave his pal a little kiss on the cheek.

Then he remembered where he had to go that day and what he had to do.

He had to go to the bank.

But it wouldn't be like ordinary days at the damned bank.

He was going to steal $40,000 today.

He tried to get out of bed, to leave the warmth of his place with Mack for the chill air of the room. But Mack held him tightly by the penis. He laughed again.

"I have to go, Mack."

"Don't do it."

"Don't start that again. We've agreed that it's got to be done. We settled all that. I'm taking the risk and that's all."

"Let me pull a hiest. I swear, Jack, if you don't give up this scheme I'm walking into that bank about ten o'clock and sticking a toy gun at the first teller and telling the son-of-a-bitch 'Look, gimme exactly forty thousand dollars,y'hear?' "

"Like hell you are," said Jack, still trying to free his penis from the grip of his strong friend.

"I'd rather see me rot in prison, you dig?"

"Neither one of us is going to," replied Jack, almost crying from emotion. "I swear this is going to work and we'll be free of that damned bank after I wait out about three months."

Jack had laid his plans carefully. About three months before, when he'd conceived his plan, he'd told the manager of the branch casually that he planned to split for back east as soon as the weather got better in New York. Then, about a month after that, he'd told the manager that he definitely planned to head back to New York at the beginning of June. He'd planted the idea so strongly that he was going to quit at the start of the summer, that there'd be no trouble slipping away three months after the theft—the unsolved theft—was pulled off.

Mack let go of his boyfriend's organ and Jack skipped across the room in the cool morning air.

Quickly, he showered away the odors of the night of lovemaking and dressed for his dull office job at the bank. Minutes later, he was on the street heading for the big bank building.

Poor Mack, he thought. This would really be tougher on him. He wasn't running any danger—Jack had seen to that—but he'd be so scared for his friend that he *would* rather chance a stickup. But Jack had talked him out of it. *His* idea was foolproof, and a stickup would only earn Mack a bullet in the back from the bank guard.

The morning hours dragged on at the bank, and Jack waited for his chance. He knew when it would come. Sure enough, the kid in the mailroom snuck out for an unauthorized break like he always did at about eleven o'clock.

Jack acted fast. He walked into the mailroom, a mailing label in his inside jacket pocket. It was made out to him, at his own address. Quickly, his hands trembling badly, he picked up one of the bulky packages—already addressed and ready to go through the mailing machine—and licked the mailing label that he pulled from his pocket.

Glancing toward the open door of the room several times, he carefully set the moistened label over the one on the package. He knew what was in the package . . . forty thousand dollars in negotiable securities that could not possibly be traced. It was one of several such packages of accumulated securities that was mailed to New York every month on about the same date. He'd seen the packages being wrapped under the careful eye of the manager the afternoon before, and knew that they would go out in the mail before noon that day.

Suddenly . . . *footsteps!*

He'd know the sound of that military walk anyplace. It had to be the bank guard. But why? Was he making a surprise checkup around the bank at an unusual time. Or had he seen the mailroom boy sneak out . . . or worse . . . had he seen Jack sneak in?

Jack's heart pounded and his mouth grew dry. But he didn't panic. Walking over to the counter where stamped packages were piled for delivery to the post office, he fumbled for his wallet. Still glancing toward the open door, his shaking hands withdrew the stamps he knew he'd need—six airmails—to get the package to his pad.

The steps in the hall grew louder.

It *was* the guard.

Jack—feeling as if he were in a dream—wet the stamps, plastered them to the package and shoved it under the whole pile of mail. Then, he did a quick about-face and strolled nonchalantly away from the counter. His heart skipped a beat, then he almost broke down crying with relief.

The approaching footsteps of the guard turned aside. The son-of-a-bitch was going to the john. *Going to the john*, for Pete's sake!

Jack's whole body seemed to grow cold, frigidly cold with relief as he got to the doorway. His head set straight forward on an unnaturally stiff neck,

he turned and headed for his own office. Glancing jerkily about with only his eyes, he could plainly see that no one had observed his exit from the mailroom.

He slipped into his own office, the busy clerks and office girls hustling about and not noticing him as usual. He drifted to his desk as if he were still part of a weird dream. Mechanically he went back to his routine tasks.

It was only about an hour later that he began to unstiffen. He'd seen the mailboy, out of the corner of his eye, across a big, crowded office and through two doorways, sneaking back into the mailroom . . . thinking his usual break had gone unnoticed. Then Jack had seen the load of packages go out.

He began to gradually act normal, loosening up and doing his simple jobs easily. He'd been like a zombie for the better part of an hour, stiff, unable to talk had anyone said a word to him. But no one had. No one had even glanced at him. No one had noticed. He was just one of hundreds of nonentities, wearing nonentity clothes, doing nonentity chores, and going completely unnoticed in the huge central branch of one of the country's biggest banks.

But he'd just mailed forty grand to himself!

And in three months he'd be splitting for New York with his buddy Mack.

They'd live like kings . . . or at least like queens.

Just him and Mack . . . and no killing bank job.

Maybe they'd open up a little coffee shop for the gay crowd in the Village, or do something else with the dough. After they blew a little of it, of course.

But there was time for that, he thought, as he drifted out for lunch with the crowd. Plenty of time.

Jack didn't even call his lover during the lunch break. Why should he? Somebody might notice and say to the police when the investigation started, "Hey, Jack made a phone call from the cafeteria at lunch time that day." Probably no one would notice, but why take any chances.

Mack would just have to sit it out—sweat it out—at home. Jack smiled to himself as he thought about poor Mack. He ate his sandwich in the big cafeteria in the basement of the bank building and smiled to himself.

Forty thousand dollars.

The afternoon dragged by—as he thought all afternoons would be doing for the next three months—but then it would be *New York City*! Just Mack and him.

That evening, Jack plodded mater-of-factly up the stairs to the pad he shared with his buddy. He started to put the key into the door, but it jumped open as if by magic. Mack's hand shot out and grabbed him by the arm. Then the strong guy practically pulled him off his feet and into the apartment.

"How'd it go, for crissake?!" yelped Mack.

"How'd what go?" asked Jack, using a well modulated tone of voice.

"You know!" squealed Mack.

Jack remained calm and began to take off his jacket. Mack closed the door behind him and dogged his footsteps to the closet.

"I thought we agreed," said Jack, hanging up his slightly wrinkled wash-and-wear jacket, "that we'd never mention a thing about it after we agreed to go ahead with it."

Mack hit his forehead with the palm of his hand and fell back into a stuffed chair.

"Yeah," he said, "but that's after you at least tell me if you pulled if off. I been waiting here all day like a guy whose wife is having a baby. For all I knew you wouldn't show up and the next thing I'd hear about it would be on the damned six o'-clock news."

Jack still remained expressionless.

"Well, what happened?" asked Mack from the easy chair.

Then Jack's expression broke into a wide grin.

"I did it," he said. "I did it perfectly. You'll get the package in the mail tomorrow. Take it to the hiding place and then don't breath a word of it to anyone . . . except to tell me how it went when I get home in the evening."

Mack laughed deliriously, then Jack tumbled onto his lap and began to laugh along with him.

"Let's go out and celebrate," said Mack.

"Yeah," said his buddy, "but quietly. Just a quiet dinner at the Italian place, and not a word about it or even a lousy bottle of champagne, you hear. It's just like any other night. We're not celebrating."

So they went out on the town and they came back and they made love as they never had before. It was heaven, and there was none of the tension there had been the night before. Jack fell asleep in his lover's arms, and awoke the next morning almost *anxious* to go to that dull job. It was the first day of those last three months before paradise.

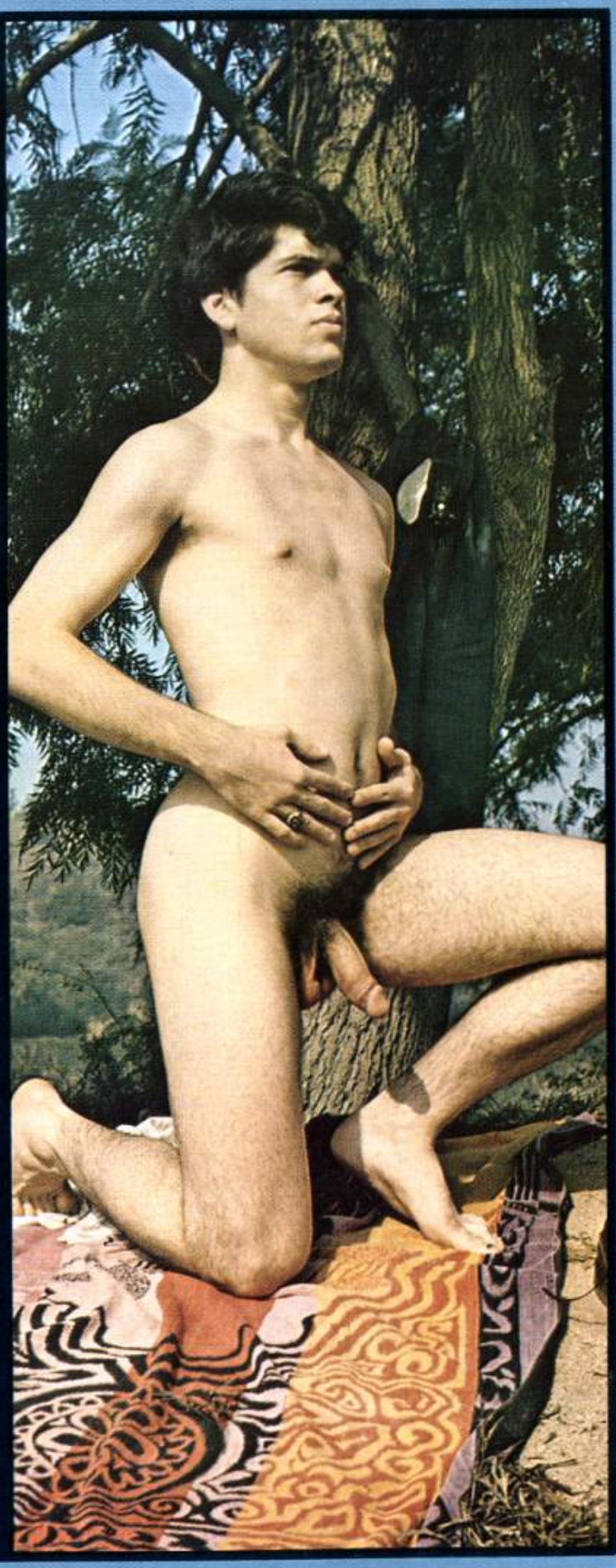
The morning at the bank was like any other, yet it skipped past merrily for Jack. Then it happened. At eleven-thirty he was called into the office of the manager. His heart sank as he saw the man's cold expression . . . and the uniformed cops . . . and the plainclothesmen-looking dudes in their business suits.

On the desk was the package.

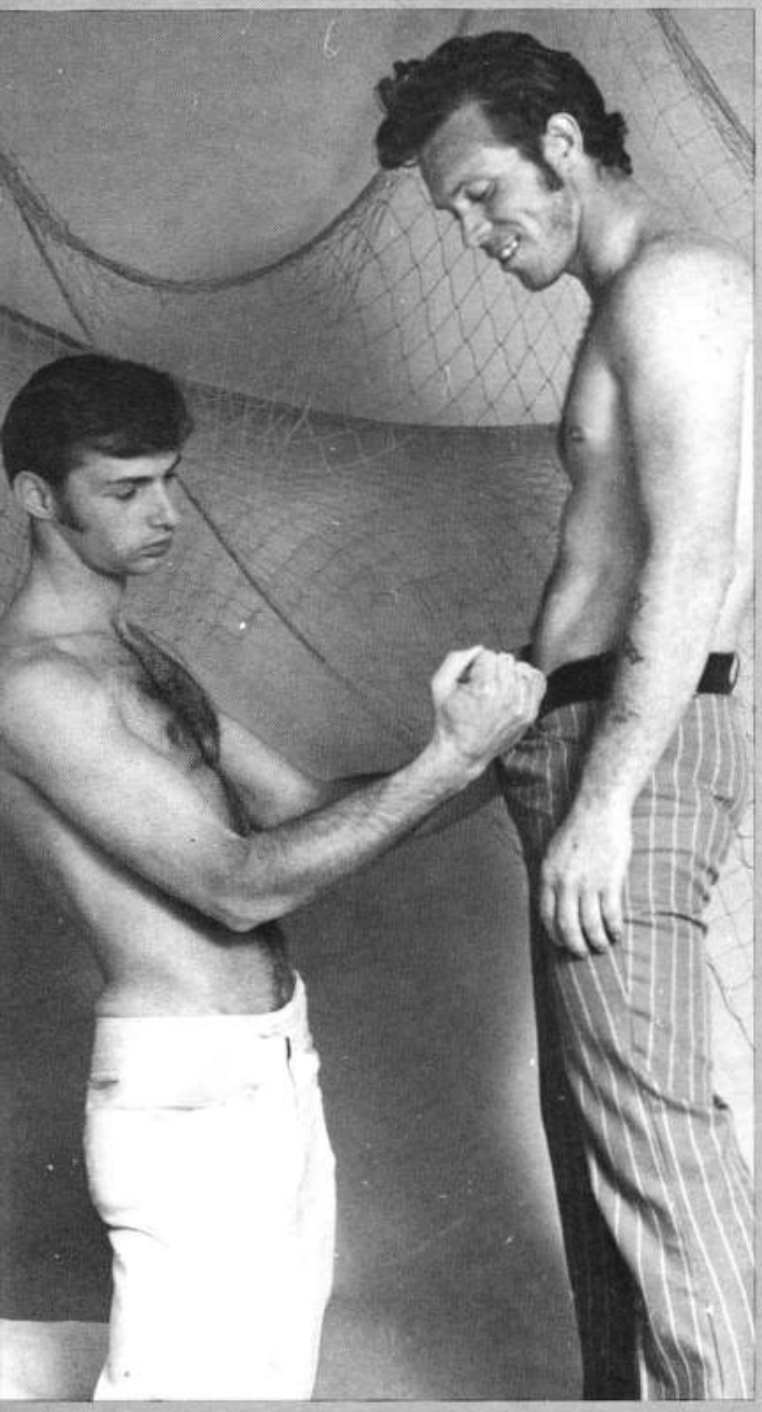
Stamped across it was "RETURN: Insufficient Postage."

Unconsciously, his trembling hand alighted on his wallet. The wallet he knew contained half a dozen air-mail stamps.

On the package on the desk were six stamps too. But Jack could see now that they were the wrong color. That damned guard *did* have to take a crap just at the wrong time! It had screwed him all up. He'd used regular stamps.



TWO LUCKY GUYS



MARTY HAS A NEW BOY-FRIEND AND HE CONSIDERS HIM-SELF TO BE QUITE A LUCKY GUY NOW. HIS NEW CHUM IS CALLED LUCKY. NO OTHER NAME. JUST LUCKY.

LUCKY'S A ROUGH AND READY GUY, JUST THE SORT OF PAL THAT MARTY NEEDS. THE FIRST TIME THEY WENT OUT ON THE TOWN TOGETHER, LUCKY TOOK MARTY TO A WATER-FRONT HANGOUT HE KNOWS.

IT'S QUITE A PLACE, AND ANY-ONE WHO CAN'T STAND THE ROUGH TRADE SHOULD STAY AWAY. BUT MARTY FELT QUITE AT EASE WITH HIS NEW FRIEND AROUND FOR PROTECTION.

ONE OF THE THINGS LUCKY DID WAS TO GET A NEW TATTOO THERE. IN THE BACK ROOM, THE PROPRIETOR DOES TATTOOING FOR THE LONGSHOREMEN AND OTHERS WHO COME IN.

LUCKY ALREADY HAD HIS OWN NAME TATTOOED ON HIS LEFT ARM, BUT HE WANTED A NEW TATTOO ON THE RIGHT ONE. HE DIGS MARTY SO MUCH THAT HE GOT HIS NAME NEEDLED INTO THE ARM OPPOSITE WHERE HE'S GOT HIS OWN HANDLE.

WHEN A GUY HAS ANOTHER GUY'S NAME TATTOOED ONTO HIS ARM, YOU KNOW THAT THEY'VE GOT TO BE SERIOUS ABOUT THEIR RELATIONSHIP. THESE TWO DEFINITELY ARE.

LUCKY WAS ONCE A LONGSHOREMAN HIMSELF, ALTHOUGH NOW HE'S GOT AN EASIER JOB... LOADING BEEF SIDES ONTO THOSE BIG HOOKS IN A BUTCHER SHOP. HE LONGS TO BE A BUTCHER HIMSELF SOMEDAY.

LUCKY HAS ALL THE NECESSARY ATTRIBUTES. HE'S GOT THE STRENGTH, HE'S GOT THE DESIRE, AND HE KNOWS HOW TO HANDLE A PIECE OF MEAT.

LUCKY

MARTY CAN'T SEE HIMSELF AS A BUTCHER, BUT HE CAN EASILY PICTURE HIMSELF AS A BUTCHER'S HELPER. ESPECIALLY IF THAT BUTCHER HAPPENS TO BE LUCKY.

ALL IN ALL THEY BOTH CONSIDER THEMSELVES TO BE A COUPLE OF LUCKY GUYS . . . AT LEAST SINCE THEY MET EACH OTHER.

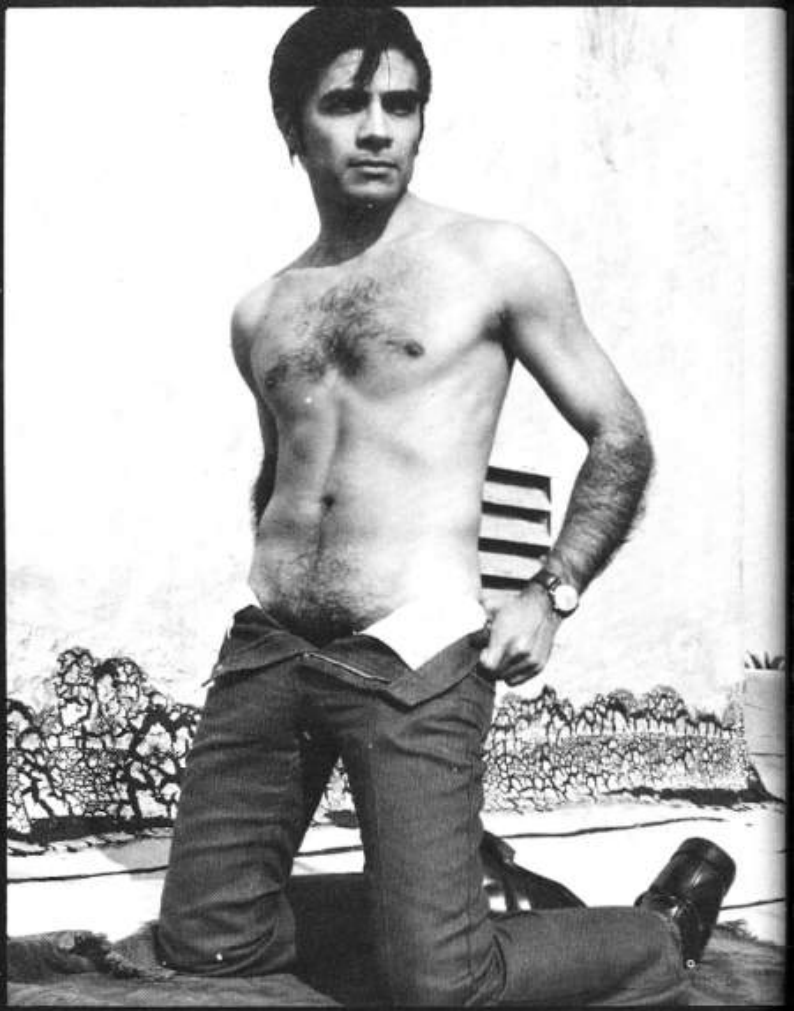
GOOD READING

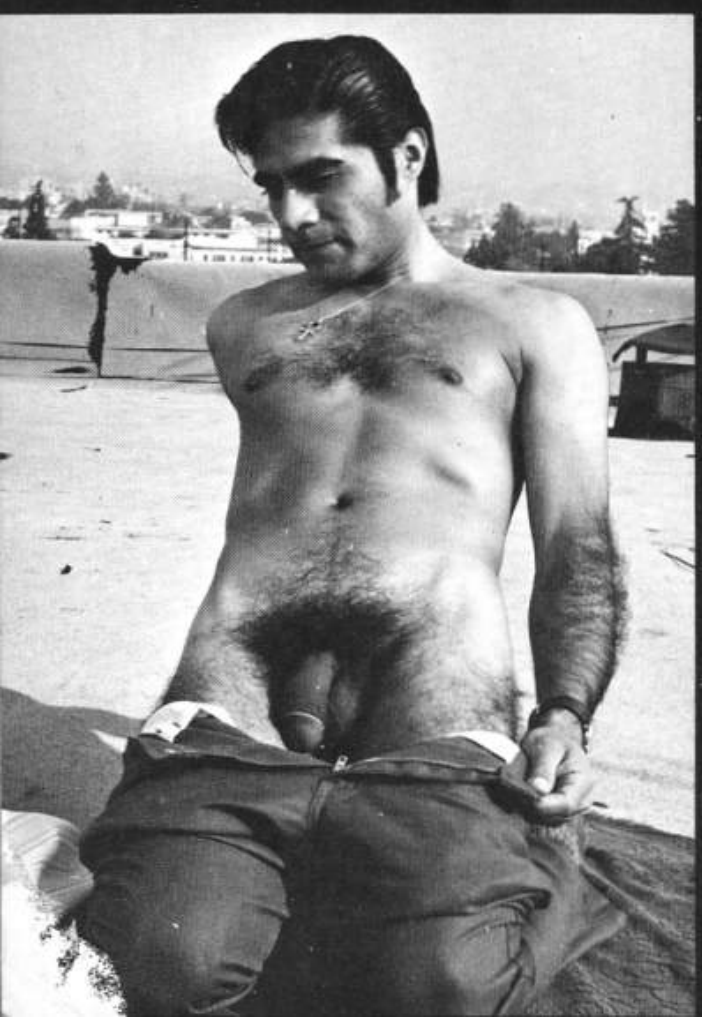
HORNY AND HUNG by Douglas Dee (Pendulum Books, 1969) $1.95. Ski bums and the whole glamourous world of skiers appeals to all of us. If you *are* among those who envy the guy who goes from fancy ski resort to fancy ski resort, plowing down the slopes—and plowing into plenty of high-class women too, you'll dig this book. It's fast moving and excitingly written. Big Rod Randelli is a rare kind of guy, handling women (such as sexpot Monica Zabor) the way he handles a tough ski slope. Good show, this one.

DYKE SWITCH by Jason O'Fleece (Pendulum Books, 1969) $1.95. This is a wild and woolly account of a detective who runs into one moll who thinks she'll be able to tame *him*. She's a bull-dyke broad by the name of Sidney Ashe. This Sidney is a woman, and in spite of her strange desires, she's every inch a woman. She's got a wild appetite for sex, she's one of the smartest dames our hero Charlie Ling ever ran into, and she's one of the richest women alive, to boot. You'll have to hang onto your hat—and your pants—when you read this one. It's *ZAP*! from start to finish.

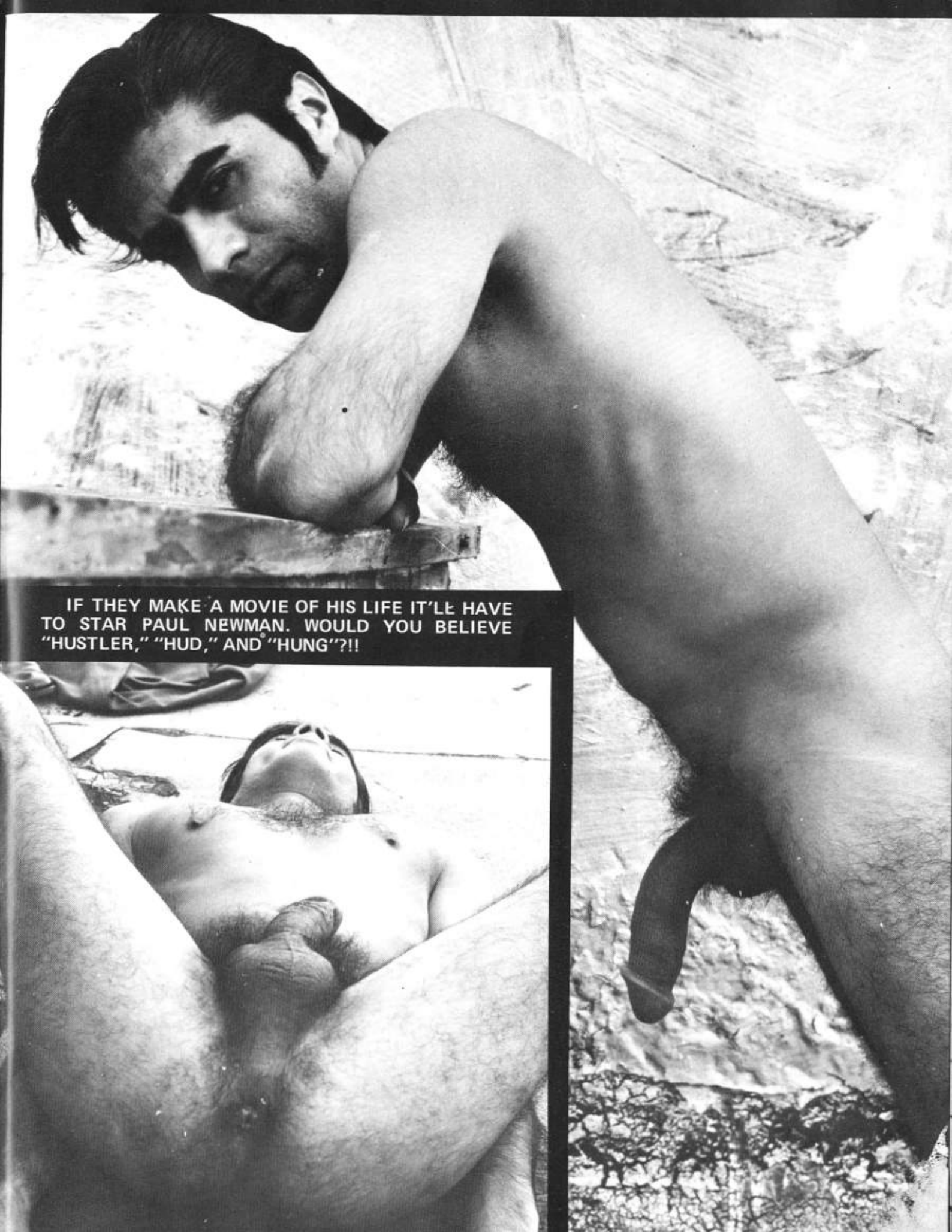
I CAN LICK YOU ANYTIME by Hugh Thomas (Pendulum Books, 1969) $1.95. There's a woman in this book who's the dream of every sane guy. Her name is Linda, and she's just about the wildest woman on earth. She has a compulsion to go down on every guy she runs into. In this rapid account of her escapades, she does run into quite a few guys, and she seems to have her way with most of them. Few complain, and more than one comes back for more.

CHARITY NURSE by Lars Raymer (Pendulum Books, 1969) $1.95. Lars Raymer has written perceptively—and passionately—about the life of a beautiful young nurse. His depiction is so incisive, it makes one guess that he might have had first hand experience with the things he writes about. He really makes the girl, Connie, come alive. She's not the average girl, believe us. How many women do you know who would think of going down on a guy who was in traction at the time. If you've wondered what it was like to be in one of those rigs, unable to even scratch yourself, you'll be amazed by the account in this book.

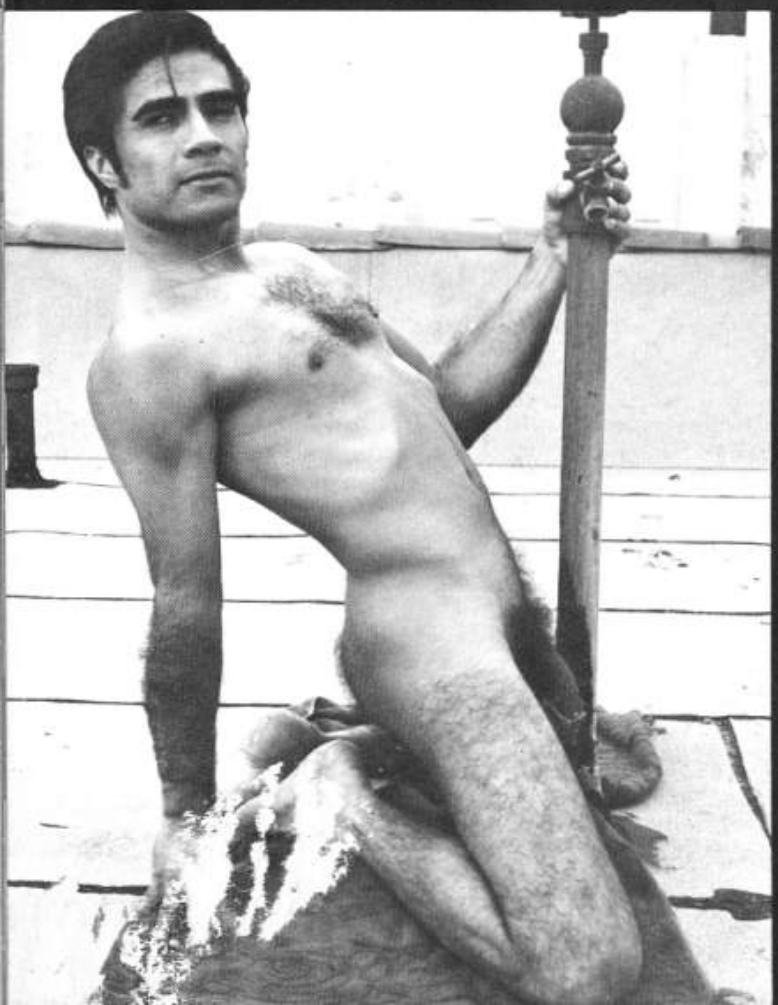


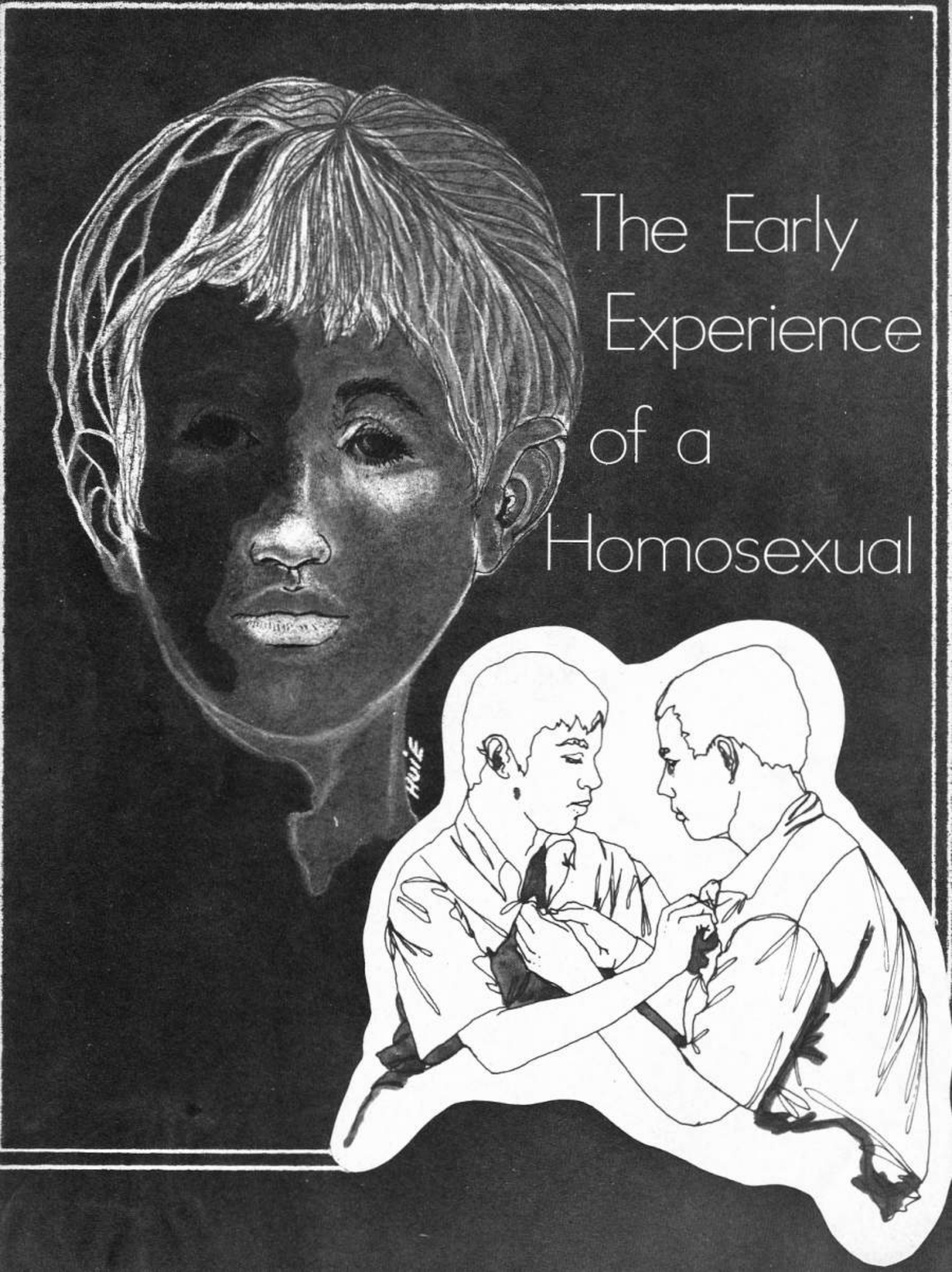


THIS DUDE GOES BY THE NAME OF HUNG. THAT'S WHAT THEY CALL 'IM. HE INSISTS HE'S HAD THE NAME SINCE CHILDHOOD, BUT WHO'D BELIEVE IT!?


IF THEY MAKE A MOVIE OF HIS LIFE IT'LL HAVE TO STAR PAUL NEWMAN. WOULD YOU BELIEVE "HUSTLER," "HUD," AND "HUNG"?!!

HE'S WELL ENDOWED ALL RIGHT, AND HE FANCIES HIMSELF A BIT OF A HUSTLER. NOT TOO MANY MEN CAN GET AWAY WITH CHARGING STUD FEES.




The Early
Experience
of a
Homosexual

The winds of sexual enlightenment are picking up momentum. This phenomenon creates, as the comedians say, both good news and bad news. The good news is that the winds, as they pick up speed, blow through the valleys of Puritanism and tend to destroy some very paranoid and guilt-ridden ideas about sex. The bad news, however, is that, as these winds become more and more tempestuous and chaotic the people who stand to benefit from them most, lose sight of what created the winds in the first place.

Today, the issue of homosexuality is—and justifiably so—almost as controversial as the fight for civil rights. In fact, civil rights is one of the factors for which the homosexual is fighting. There is now the Gay Power movement, originating in Los Angeles, various homosexual clubs and organizations, and have even a small voice in certain legislative bodies.

But, amidst all this turmoil and change, it is necessary for a homosexual to maintain his distinction, by keeping in mind that formulative experience that made him what he is today. And, it is even more important for the heterosexual world to be aware of this experience so that they might better understand the homosexual.

In an effort to promote this understanding GAY STUDS magazine managed to obtain an interview with a homosexual who was not afraid to relate to us the early experiences of his life, experiences that were so integral in shaping his present sexual leanings. The episodes which Eugene R. relates in the following narrative are not, of course, identical to the experiences of all homosexuals; but they are, we feel, typical in the sense that they run to no extremes in the psychosexual development.

My first sexual encounter with another male, *Eugene begins*, occurred shortly after my fifteenth birthday. I had been over at my friend Tommy's house, playing marbles with him in his dirt driveway. It had been gray and cloudy all day, and, all of a sudden, there was a terrific thunderclap overhead. In the next instant it was raining like a cow pissing on a flat rock.

Tommy and I grabbed up our marbles and ran inside his house. His parents had gone shopping and weren't expected back for several hours, so Tommy and I had his house all to ourselves.

Tommy and I had been friends for several years. I suppose our friendship was based mostly on the things we had in common. We were, for instance, both only children, both of the same age, both loved to play marbles, and, more importantly, both introspective and sensitive.

Since our marble game had been involuntarily cancelled, we began to banter around some other ideas to occupy our time. Tommy suggested we play poker, I agreed, and we went into his bedroom to play on his bed. After he had shuffled the cards and was ready to deal, we realized that we had to decide on what we were going to play for. Tommy suggested we play for marbles, but I turned him down, since I had been winning before we were rained out, and I wasn't about to lose my surplus in a game I wasn't all that good at. Since we had no money to play for, Tommy finally suggested we play for clothes. Strip poker, he called it. I had heard of the game, usually from my parents, and usually when they thought I was out of earshot. The idea of playing a game that was a little risque was suddenly very appealing to both of us. Tommy began to deal.

I think it was a combination of things that made that rainy afternoon with Tommy so wonderful and exciting. First of all, the rain itself, the fact that it was storming outside and that we were safe and sheltered inside, seemed somehow very stimulating. The fact that we were alone, and the house was dark and quiet—the fact that we were doing something "naughty"—all this seemed to add to the erotica of our situation.

Tommy turned out to be a pretty good poker player, and soon he had me down to my undershorts—while he still wore his undershorts and two socks. He dealt again. I came up with two pair and called him. He had three of a kind. He smiled. I frowned, then stood up, reluctant and a little embarrassed about completely denuding myself in front of my friend. As I pulled my shorts down, Tommy noticed my erection and his eyes looked like they were going to pop out of his head. He stared at my stiff penis for a long time, then he said that if it would make me feel any better he would take the rest of his clothes off, too.

I said it would—and he did.

That was when I felt my first desire to possess another male, watching Tommy pull his socks off and then pull his undershorts down, watching his rigid five-incher spring loose before my eyes. The blood rushed to my face, and it was all I could do to keep my hands off him.

For a moment, neither of us knew what to do, now that we were both naked. But we could both tell, intuitively, that the other wanted to do *something*.

Finally, Tommy broke the ice by suggesting that we continue to play poker. When I asked what the stakes were this time, he smiled, rather nervously, and said that the loser of this hand would have to "do it" to the winner. I didn't understand exactly what he meant by "do it," but, for some reason, I found myself wanting to lose anyway. Whatever it was, I wanted to "do it" to Tommy.

He dealt me three kings in the first hand. I discarded two of them, and then drew two fours. I called on a pair of fours. Tommy laid down a pair

of sixes. He had won, but I could see by the frown on his face that he had not been trying very hard. Like me, he had been trying to lose.

I asked Tommy what I had to do. Tommy looked very scared and nervous as he told me about a story he had once read about a guy kissing and sucking on another guy's penis. He said he wanted me to do that to him. I said okay, and Tommy brushed the cards aside and laid back on his bed. My blood was really pounding hard in my temples as my eyes came to rest on his stiff, throbbing member.

I moved toward it.

My hand reached out. I touched it.

It was hot.

As my lips approached the red, acorn-shaped head, the room around me seemed to turn slowly one way, then the other. Everything seemed somehow suspended, very still, poised and tense—like Tommy's turgid penis.

Then my lips were on it. Circling around it.

Licking. Kissing.

Instinct became my teacher in the art of sucking, and in a matter of minutes I was fellating Tommy in an almost professional manner. It was a new sexual experience for both of us, and, even now, whenever I try something new with a guy, both of us usually come to a quick climax. This is how it was with Tommy and I. Before I knew what was happening, he was filling my mouth with his sweet elixir.

I was so surprised by this abrupt climax that I swallowed Tommy's creamy proofs without even thinking about it.

After we had rested for several minutes, Tommy insisted upon returning the favor—without first losing at a hand of poker. Of course, I was all too willing to let him have me, especially after becoming so stimulated over the blow-job I'd given him.

Tommy and I became even closer friends after that rainy-day episode in his house. Unfortunately though, as we became more and more intimate, we also became more and more introverted and jealous of each other. We kept to ourselves a lot. We had, it seems, fifty different secret hideouts around the vicinity where we lived. Even at school, we built up an invisible barrier around our friendship, and refused to let anyone else in. Whenever we became irritated or provoked at one another it was an easy matter to create a little jealousy. All one of us had to do was act like he was going to try to make it with another guy. That was usually enough of a threat to generate some kind of negotiating platform between us.

One time, though, when I was particularly vexed about something Tommy did, he did not relent when I threatened to introduce an outsider to our sexual activities. He called my bluff, so to speak, and this only tended to irritate me more.

That's how I met Bruce.

Bruce was about a year older than Tommy and I. I had been watching him for a long time at school, admiring his muscular physique and his quiet, rather self-conscious manner. I felt, intuitively, that he harbored a mild interest in me, too, so I was not too apprehensive about approaching him one day and asking him to meet Tommy and I at one of our hideouts.

This particular hideout was a cave Tommy and I had discovered in a mountain close-by. Bruce met us there on the night I had designated, and we all sat around a little campfire, prattling about school, teachers and the upcoming final exams. Tommy, however, remained quiet and disgruntled for the most part. I knew it wasn't that he disliked Bruce personally, since Bruce had an immediately likeable personality. Rather, Tommy did not like the fact that Bruce represented an intrusion on the relationship between Tommy and I.

All of a sudden, Tommy asked Bruce, point-blank, if he was a homosexual. I was shocked, and enraged at Tommy's lack of finesse. But Bruce was not in the least upset. He merely smiled—and then nodded. I knew immediately that this response disappointed Tommy. Tommy had been hoping that Bruce was a hetero, would take the question as a personal affront, and then leave Tommy and I alone.

However, all Tommy managed to accomplish with his tactless question was a more open and honest atmosphere between us. Now that we all knew where we stood, we did not hesitate in getting down to the nitty-gritty.

Bruce asked me if I had ever had it in the rectum before. I said no, and he said he would like to introduce me to the new thrill. Bruce and I stripped our clothes off—but Tommy, still angered at me, remained dressed, sitting over in a dark corner of the cave, pouting at us.

The screwing Bruce gave me, with Tommy looking on, was one of the wildest sexual experiences I have ever had. Again, because I was a new experience, it took Bruce only a matter of minutes before he was flooding my bowels with his hot, sticky semen. We rested for a while, and then Bruce rolled over and started kissing my penis.

It wasn't until after I shot my load into his mouth that I looked around and noticed Tommy was gone.

And that was the last homosexual experience Tommy ever had. He and his parents moved to another state the following summer.

Nine years have passed since that incident in the hideout cave. Evidently, something changed inside Tommy that night, because our lives went in diametrically opposite directions: he is married now, and has three children. I am single, and I still see Bruce quite often.

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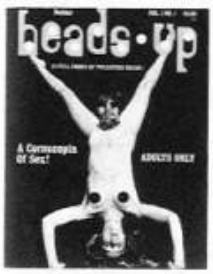

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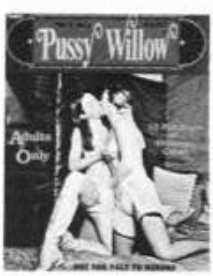

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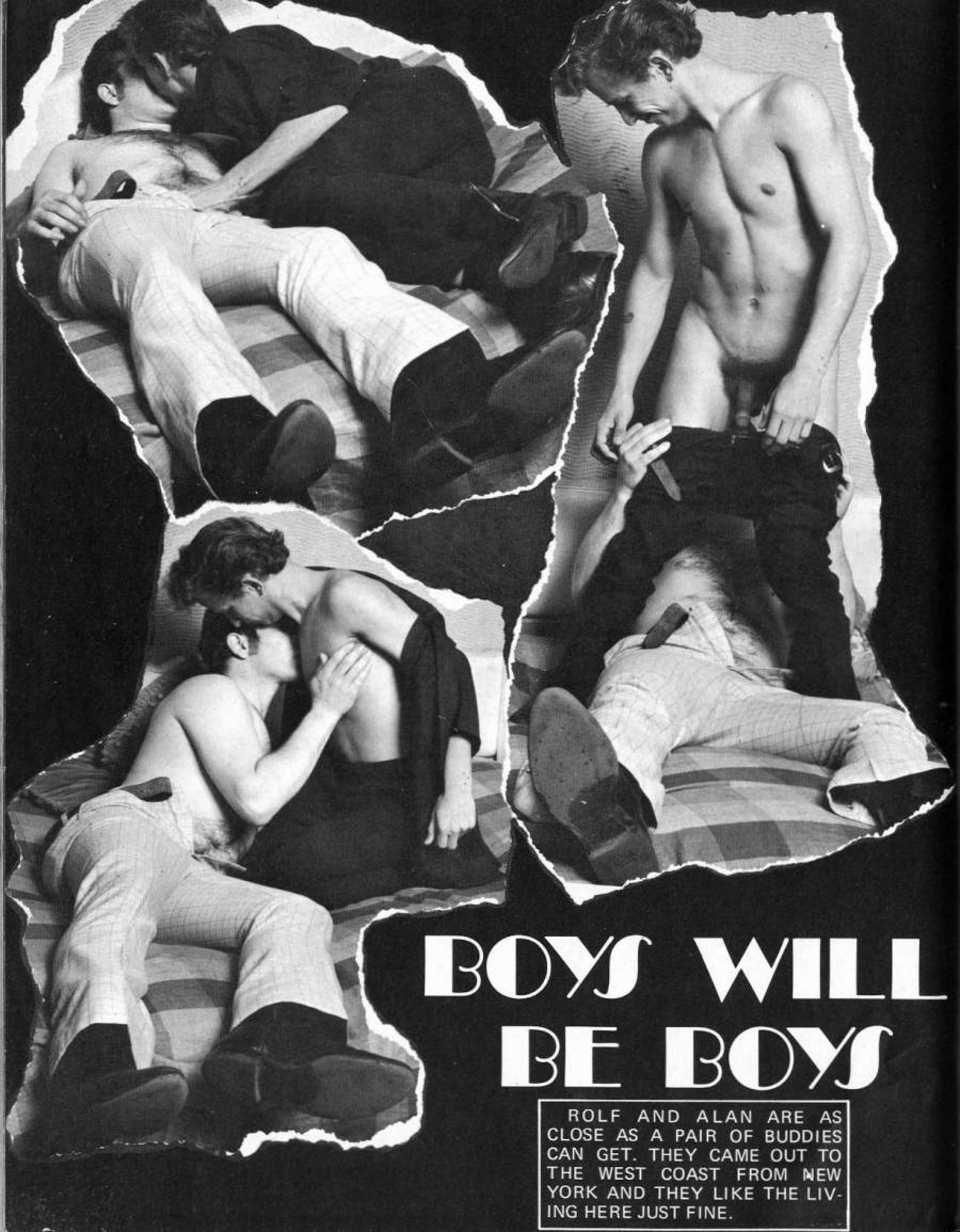
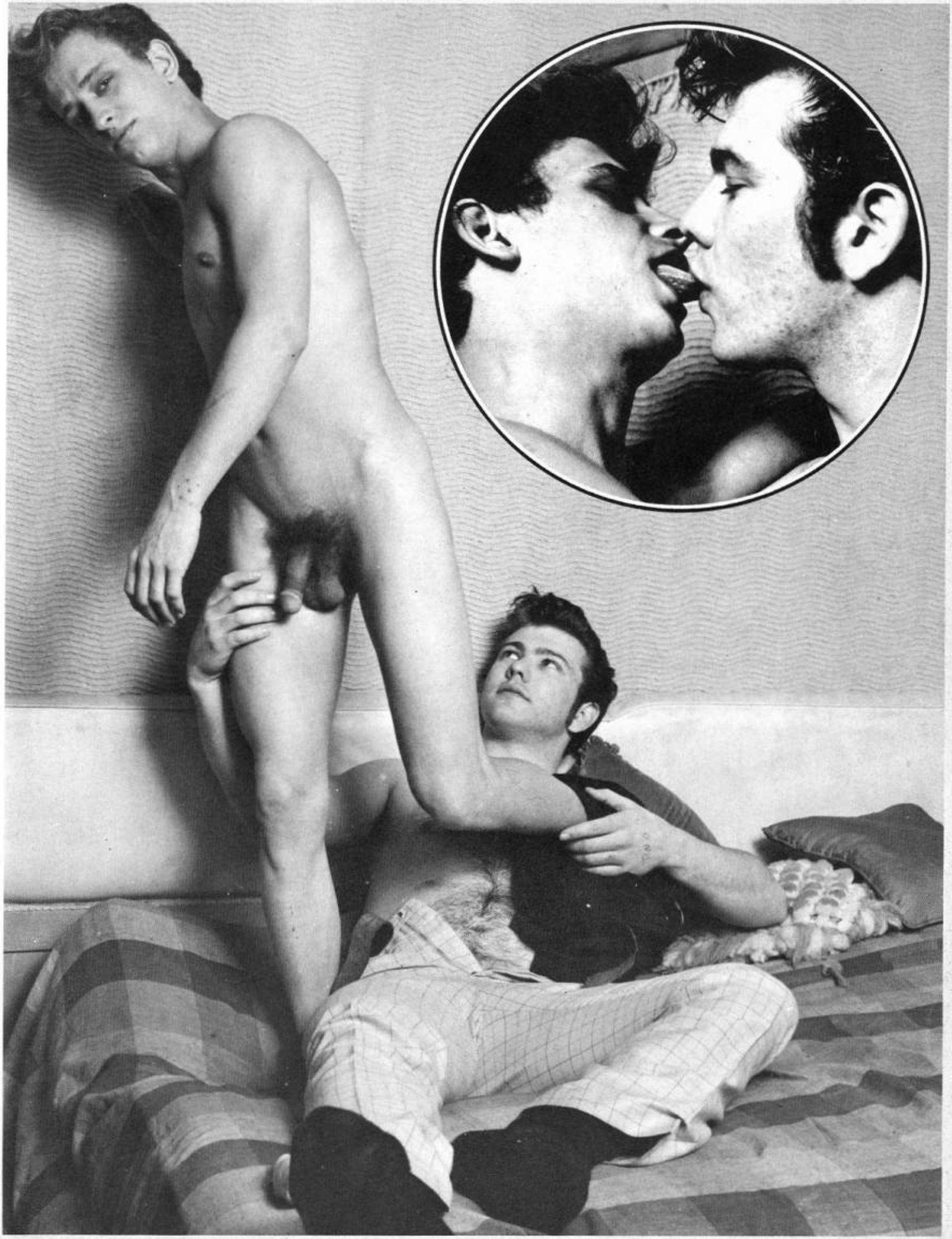


BOYS WILL BE BOYS

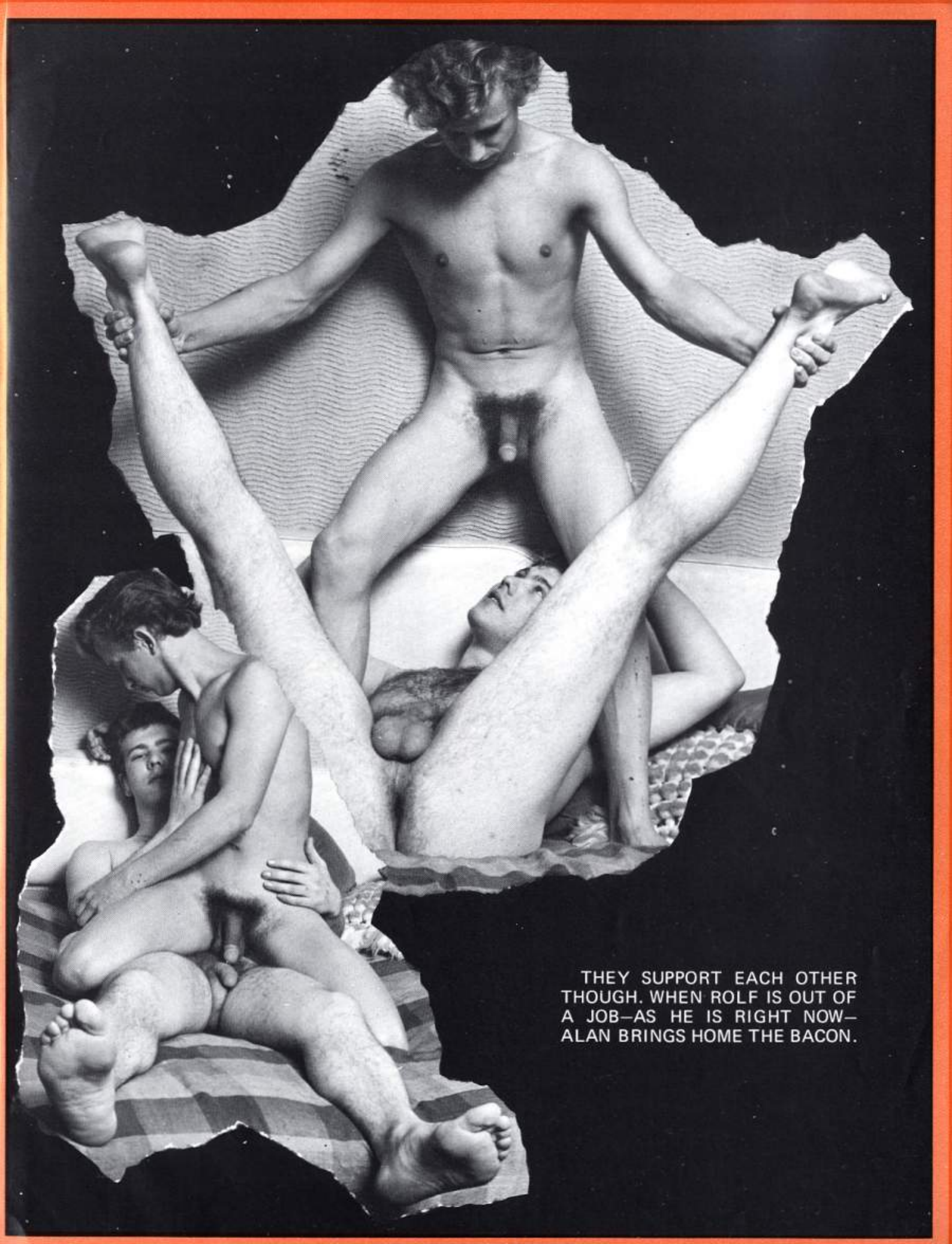
ROLF AND ALAN ARE AS CLOSE AS A PAIR OF BUDDIES CAN GET. THEY CAME OUT TO THE WEST COAST FROM NEW YORK AND THEY LIKE THE LIVING HERE JUST FINE.



THEY FOUND THEMSELVES A RATHER NIFTY PAD OFF THE SUNSET STRIP, AND THEY'RE REALLY LIVING IT UP. OF COURSE, FUNDS ARE RATHER LIMITED.

THAT DOESN'T BOTHER THIS TWOSOME VERY MUCH. THEY CAN HAVE A WHALE OF A LOT OF FUN JUST STAYING IN THEIR APARTMENT AND ENTERTAINING EACH OTHER.

THEY HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO MAKE IT SO FAR IN LOS ANGELES . . . AT LEAST NOT WHEN THEY ARE APART. WHEN ONE HAS A JOB, IT SEEMS THE OTHER IS SURE TO BE OUT OF WORK.



THEY SUPPORT EACH OTHER THOUGH. WHEN ROLF IS OUT OF A JOB—AS HE IS RIGHT NOW—ALAN BRINGS HOME THE BACON.

AT THE PRESENT TIME, ALAN IS A WAITER IN ONE OF THE LESS POSH SUNSET STRIP ESTABLISHMENTS. IT DOESN'T PAY MUCH, BUT IT KEEPS THEM BOTH ALIVE.

ROLF LIKES TO DO PHYSICAL KINDS OF THINGS WHEN HE WORKS. IN NEW YORK HE WORKED IN A WAREHOUSE LIFTING HEAVY BOXES AND CARTONS.

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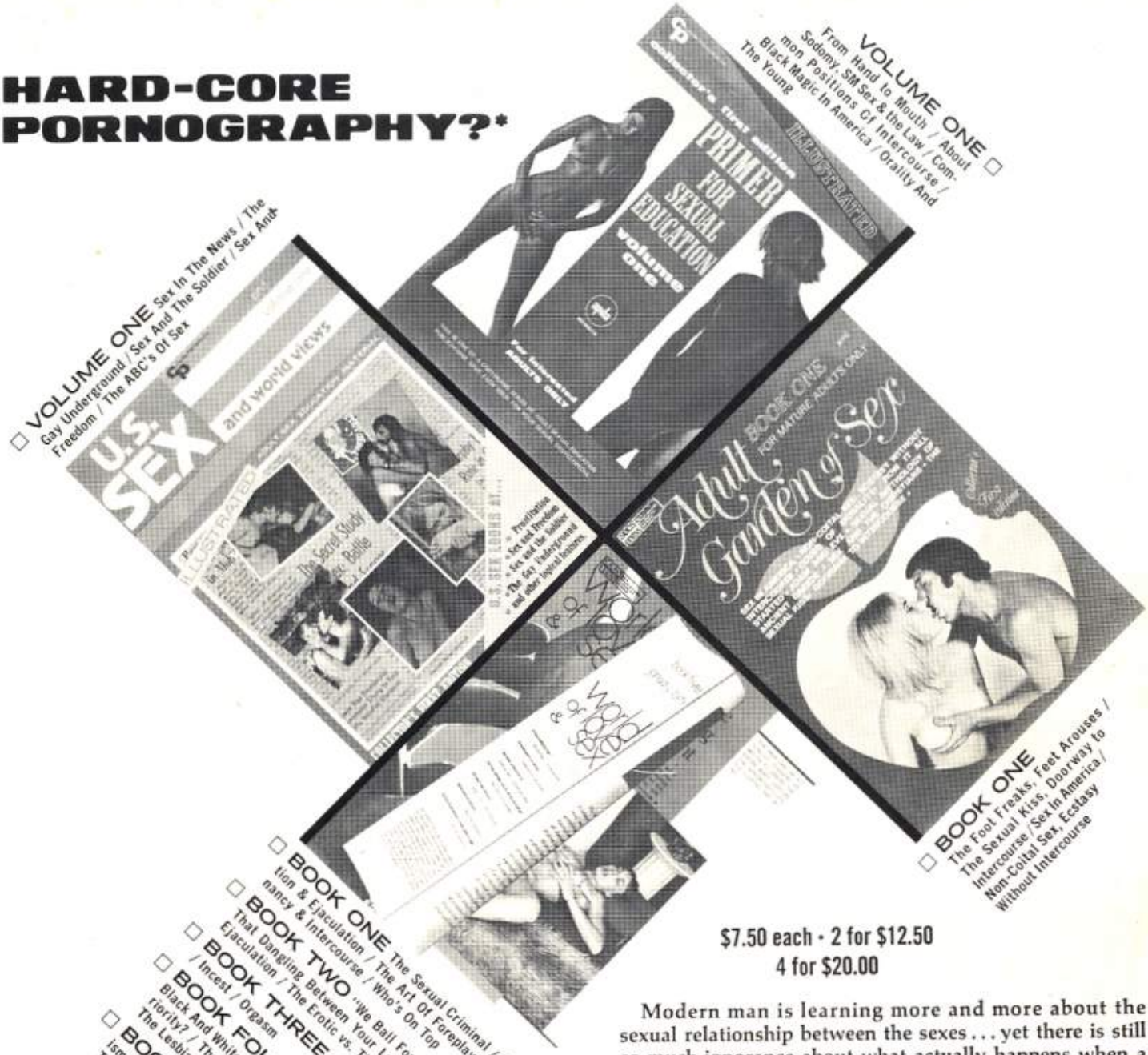

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